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THE BLACK SHADOW AND THE RED DEATH

By "BILLY MUNDAY"

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY

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DEDICATION.

To The Christian Ministry of Our Country.

"So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them for me."

And

To John Cameron Grant, ethnologist, author of "The Ethiopian" (Paris, 1900), the most powerful effort of science to preserve the purity of the Caucasian race.

"He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red.

"And in the morning it will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times.

* * * * * * *

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness."

Why?

This "revelation of darkness," is the first of a series of ten, dealing with various phases of the race problem, South and North.

The situation is desperate, and the nation is asleep. Even the Atlanta and Springfield, Ill., riots failed to open the eyes of our people, to the "crimson shadows of the lurid abyss." The Great Republic is to-day the theatre of the most tremendous racial tragedy the world ever saw. It is unparalleled in history for scope and power. At no time have two such distinct races, each numbered by its millions, the one representing the highest stage of civilization and advancement, the other practically but a day removed from savagery and cannibalism, been thrown together in the same geographical region, and not separated by any natural barriers. And our glorious Anglo Saxon blood—the flower of the human race—is being fevered and polluted by the African taint, bestialized by "gorilla damnifications." This is a terrible thought to him who reveres the morality of his ancestors, and prizes, above earthly possessions, "the unblemished caste distinction of a thousand years of Europe's best culture."

Proof of damnable miscegenation—"the fatal stumbling-block that has cost more than one

Latin race the crown of empire" wide-spread, ever and rapidly increasing, despite the fact that the "freedom of movement in American life, and the growing knowledge of preventives, makes sin easy and safe" (Rauschenbuch's "Christianity and the Social Crisis"), stares at you in the millions of "brass-colored, bastard brats," all over the South, and in border cities like Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Washington.

This is the abomination—so insidious, so insinuative, and so subtle, that is turning the South, and other sections too, in proportion to the negroid population—into "a Sodom and Gomorrah, ready for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God Almighty, who overwhelmed the cities of the plain."

The first step in the solution of the greatest problem of American civilization, is the abolishment of criminal intimacy between white men and negro women.

For forty years speakers and writers have played with the race problem. It is high time for somebody to speak out, or the stones of the street will cry out—to write with terrible Biblical explicitness, a *real* "brief in behalf of the unborn"; to turn a Zolaesque searchlight on the "sins of the father," to the third and fourth generation, "when they die out of sensual exhaustion."

But for our noble white womanhood's fidelity to the sublime race-trust, which Almighty God has implanted within her soul, the South would

long ago have lost its "broadness of brow, and soundness of heart, and cleanness of blood," and "have sunk to the level of Mexico and the Antilles."

I deeply regret that I shall be compelled to deal with a class of facts and figures that are usually confined to the muck-raking of yellow journalism, medical jurisprudence and criminology—in the words of the Old Book of God, "things of which it is a shame even to speak of." However, I shall follow St. Paul's example, when he tore the rags from the Black Death of ancient morals, in the Epistle to the Romans. Our intolerable conditions demand a bombshell.

Here are the great issues: "Unity of the Republic, material development, purity of politics, political independence, respect for the ballot, reverence for the Constitution, the safety of our homes, the sanctity of our women, the supremacy of law, the sacredness of justice, the integrity of race and our glorious civilization."

* * * * * * *

God knows I have written with malice toward none and with charity for all. I have tried—so far as erring human judgment permits—to lift the issues out of the plane of provincial selfishness and racial hate, and to put them where the "white light of the just and pitying spirit of Jesus" can play upon them.

The present "human document" is but a beginning. I shall make more bald and hideous revelations as I proceed. Before finishing the series,

I hope by the help of the eternal God, to shock and rouse and save millions of men and women. The Great Republic shall not "sleep its way" to the lowest hell of hybridism. Of course, I expect opposition and persecution, "hit dogs being the first to hollo" (Sam Jones), but I defy the powers of darkness to stop me.

The absolute silence of the pulpit since the death of Dr. Warner, Sam Jones, and Bishop Haygood is the most ominous sign of the times. The delicacy of this subject, and the immensity of this form of the social evil, is no excuse. An earnest, united, persistent effort on the part of the pulpit, has never failed. It is the real creator of public sentiment. For two thousand years it has led every fight against the great evils of the world. Would God that the American pulpit might turn into Mount Sinai against miscegenation!

At the close of the series, the writer's name will be given to the public, and an appendix added, *authenticating the alarming facts and figures,* which I have personally collected for a period extending over twenty years.

The second "revelation," to be published in 1914, will be entitled, "Worse Than The Black Shadow and The Red Death."

"BILLY MUNDAY."

New Orleans,
September 1, 1913.

THE BLACK SHADOW AND THE RED DEATH.

It was the last day of June and the sun was overwhelming. In "River Billy" Smith's (so-called, from his plantation's proximity to the Suwanee River, and also to distinguish him from his cousin, "Ole Hill Billy" Smith) cotton-patch, which stretched for half a mile to the rear of his house, his three boys, Mary, his eldest daughter, a pretty twelve-year-old girl, one of the sweetest and purest creatures God ever made, and Hun Sogless, the negro farmhand, were hoeing cotton.

Beyond the field, among manifold vine growths with "emerald twilights, virginal shy-lights," sung by Sidney Lanier,—palms, royal poincianas, moss-hung pines, live oaks, and cypresses,—the gray streamers of Spanish moss, six and eight feet in length, gave to the lofty trees, many of which it had killed, a strange and mournful appearance,—between the red sand banks, glittered glimpses, now a voluptuous azure, now a golden purple, now a wine-colored splendor, "ub de S'wanee ribber," the resort of cranes, herons, gannets, coots and water-turkeys, and farther still, a long, low-lying range, of once pine-covered hills,—devastated by a cyclone the year before,—now smouldering dim under a pale blue heat-haze, melted out of sight in the flaming sky.

Thin, white cirrus specks, and a wide-wheel-

ing flock of black buzzards, sailed high overhead in the great blue abyss. Every few minutes hot, suffocating whirlwinds moved across the field in fantastic pillars of stifling, yellow dust. The drought was running the "sea-island" cotton, and still there was no sign of rain, tho' Hun had hung up in a palm tree, a monster moccasin, killed that afternoon—an infallible rain-maker, in his opinion.

Thro' the scorching heat and blinding glare, the weary laborers hoed away, across the sun-parched cotton-patch, tormented with red bugs, "Texas-fleas," gnats, house-flies, (carrying typhoid probably), sand-flies (carrying science knows not what), yellow flies, mosquitoes of three varieties (one of which was full of malarial fever) not including the ever-present "gigantic" gallinipper in legions, they hoed away, with aching limbs, streaming with sweat, and covered with dust.

The girl's slender figure was so "svelte and full of curves," that even the old faded calico dress, clung about her with a cunning grace. The negro a "bad nigger" of the "blue gum" variety exuded that revolting odor peculiar to his race, as nauseating as the stench from the skunk, which Pharisaic cleanliness, combined with the perfumes of Arabia, cannot overcome. And all the powerful deodorizers of the present day have likewise failed.

"Niggers es deffunt from whites enyhow, en theer enstincts es well es en theer out-stinks,"

"River Billy" used to drawl. And he was fond of relating the following—a "graybeard" witticism all over the South.

"Why, Jim, whut yer en here fur?" asked a white man of a big negro who was behind the bars.

"I don' know, suh," replied the malodorous black.

"Well, whut yea bin doin'?"

"Nothin' 't all, suh, nothin' 't all."

"What made um putt yer en here, then?"

"Well, dey sez, boss, I wuz sont up fur *fragrancy.*"

Joking aside, "River Billy's" statement concerning the African stench was expert testimony, for he kept a colored concubine. At fourteen he had spent a "Saddy" night with a voluptuous mulatto girl about his own age,—they had grown up together on his father's farm, and he had never been able to escape from this degrading, damning thraldom. Few white men are. The most popular courtesans of the great cities are quadroons and octoroons. The negro traits in the ancient Egyptian physiognomy were due to the importation of Ethiopian girls, who have always been the favorites in the harems of the East.

"River Billy's" eldest boy, called "Little River Billy," a lad of thirteen, was already following in his father's footsteps. In many sections of Dixie, the white boy is considered a "sissy," who does not "keep er yaller gal," before he gets out of short trousers. In the "Kreutzer Sonata"

Tolstoy said, "Out of a thousand bridegrooms of the *plebs* as well as in our our circle there was not a single one to be found who had not previously committed adultery at least ten times. I am told that there are chaste youths now that know and feel that this is not fun, but a serious matter. May God protect them! But in my time there was not one in a thousand." If this is true of Russia think what must be the conditions in the South! And this "multiplying of mulattoes" is not mainly and merely a matter of "sowing wild oats." Several years ago the Rev. Dr. Beverley Warner, in a Thanksgiving sermon that shook the South, delivered at old, historic Trinity Episcopal Church, New Orleans, said:

"We hear much of racial purity and the deep necessity of preserving our race integrity. I have heard more earnest, solemn, violent and aggressive talk on that subject than on any other social problem that confronts us. And I am in hearty accord with it. But I am staggered by the facts that lift their heads above the surface of current life. We have no legal miscegenation, but we have it—shall I say widespread?—in illegal form. I pass this over because, while I have plenty of second-hand knowledge, I have no personal acquaintance with the shameful fact which is alleged of men of good standing, professional men, some of them, having a white and a black family at the same time, in the same town."

White men haunt the "nigger shacks" like blue flies around green meat.

The Black Shadow and the Red Death

Bishop Haygood once said in a great address: "What body of men has ever made any attack upon the deadly pestilence shadowing the State and the Nation, because of the lecherous living and life-habits of white men and negro women? Suppose you count the mulattoes as they pass you upon the streets or serve you in your homes, and you will then have some conception of the enormity of this awful and damning sin. When did the ministers of our country ever denounce this brazen iniquity?"

A negro bishop, who has the confidence of the South, in a thrilling sermon several years ago, recited many cases of young colored girls sent into the homes of white people for domestic service only to return to their parents moral wrecks. He told how he helped to make a census of a Southern city in which he found 3,200 of his people in the underworld, many of them living in gaudily furnished homes, maintained by white lawyers, bankers, merchants, and even Sunday School superintendents. And alas! for an occasional black sheep among the prophets, see Father Crowley's "Parochial School," page 241—"Rev. No. 27, A Preference for Black." And he has his Protestant double!

The proof of miscegenation, wide-spread, and ever rapidly increasing, stares at you (Sam Jones once said in a noted sermon "to men only") "in millions of brass-colored, bastard brats" all over the South, and in the border cities. The census of 1870 gave the number of mulattoes in

the United States as 584,049. That of 1890 showed the presence of 1,132,060. More recent investigations indicate that there are now nearly 4,000,000 mulattoes in a total negro population of 10,000,000. While the full-blooded negro has increased about 100 per cent, the mulatto has increased nearly 600 per cent. (See Shannon's "Race Integrity").

The first step in the solution of the race problem, the most momentous before the Great Republic to-day, is the abolishment of criminal intimacy between white men and negro women. Make the penalty ten years in the penitentiary. And for the second offence let the law call in the services of a surgeon. "Then," as Sam Jones said in that staggering sermon "to men only," "then the dirty white whelp, would lose all inclination to carouse with dusky damsels in darksome alleys."

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The laborers lurched forward from side to side slashing with their hoes the dry ground of the cotton furrows, which fanned by the miserable whirlwinds kept them wrapped in a cloud of dust. The long hoe handles were worn as sleek and shiney as glass by constantly slipping up and down thro their hands.

Hun's home-spun shirt hung loosely about a pair of shoulders that might have belonged to an Homeric hero, or Jack Johnson, and was tucked up at the sleeves, over the bulge of his huge forearms, where the roll and play of sinewy

biceps, that swelled out like wens under his sleek black skin, could be plainly seen. When he raised his shoulders, the great muscles of his back stood out hard and rigid beneath his shirt; when he stretched himself, the calves of his legs, seemed made of steel cords.

Mary's plump little arms bared to the elbow, were covered with a golden down, and slightly tettered with heat. The button at the collar of her dress having been accidently broken off, there was revealed, beneath the "curving, cloven chin," a throat of much grace, and a glistening delicacy below the sunburn empurpled with a vein, "blue as the one o'er the Madonna's breast," "too fair for men to see." Her short skirts showed the beginning of superb limbs, in faded pink stockings, which gave to the eye the sensation of flesh. Mary was often annoyed at the insistent and sinister way in which the negro observed them.

When Hun came to work at the farm, Mary, unconscious of any impropriety, thought nothing of pulling up her stockings in his presence—" 'e wuz nuthin' but-ter niggur nohow." She had been taught from babyhood to regard a negro as a species of animated dummy, with only feeling and sense enough to fetch and carry, and the little girl often let him talk to her, to relieve the emptiness and tedium of her lonely country life.

One day, however, as Hun led a stallion (which "River Billy" had hired for service) near where she sat sewing on the back veranda—the powerful beast with arched neck, and thunderous

nostrils, treading as if shod with jewels—she exclaimed:

"Aint 'e biggety!"

Hun, catching her eye, replied in a low, curiously liquid tone, and with a humid look of sensual intimacy, that made her shudder, "'E knows 'oo's lookin' at 'im, Mess Tetie."

Young as she was, after that, she instinctively feared the negro, and his Mephistophelian concupiscence.

But there were many little things to be done about the house and yard that brought the two familiarly together, and Hun continually hung around her, paying her an incessant and secret attention, which was more perceptible to her, than visible to others. In handing her a piece of stove-wood, in taking the bucket from her to go for water, he had a trick of always bringing his hand—magnetic to its finger tips—into contact with hers. And in speaking to the child, so felicitous was he in the phrasings of infamy—a racial gift—that he had acquired a habit of using adroit audacities, expressions of a double meaning, "smutty" innuendoes. When alone with her, he would whistle, faint and low, piercing snatches of impolite airs.

Alas! dwellers in the "black belt" of the South, are too often unmindful of the "terror that walks in the glory of the sunshine, the fatality that lurks beside our purple, murmurous palm-embowered rivers."

Mrs. Smith disliked the negro from the first,

and begged her husband to discharge him, but "River Billy," who had squandered on whiskey, his mulatto mistress and their big family of negroid children, the competence left him by his forebears (they had made it in the slave trade with English, Spanish and Yankee vessels), was far behind with his cotton crop. There was a second mortgage on the plantation, for the year's supplies, falling due in October; the sheriff had recently levied on his only horse, "ole Betty," a net nag, and carried her off, throwing the whole family into tears. And so, as he said, "en thur middal uv er bad fix," he had hired Hun cheap (eight dollars per month and board), after trying in vain for weeks to get a hand, and he felt that he could not afford to notice the whims of his simple-minded wife which signified little and foreboded nothing.

"River Billy" valued the help of "er nigger cottun chopper" (this sea-island cotton, the "golden fleece" of the South, would sell for twenty-five or thirty cents a pound in October) above the safety of his pure and beautiful young daughter. We are too careless about the protection of innocent, unsuspecting girls, and helpless women. Every Southern neighborhood ought to have a mounted rural constabulary like the Texas rangers. Women, young and old, ought to know how to use the pistol, or imitate the Sicilian girls who carry daggers in their garters. No white woman should go alone upon the highway in the South, nor on the streets of the towns and cities

after dark. No woman should be left alone at a country home, or in the fields, if it can be helped. Above all, tolerate no familiarity from negro men or boys. No conversation even, that is not strictly business. Watch dogs, secure locks and fastenings of doors and windows, we should have, and well lighted streets. Every big electric light will help solve the race problem. Put on an extra police force that our daughters in going to and from school may be protected from infamous remarks made by passing negro men. City districts must have extra guards that black brutes may not enter homes and knock sleeping women senseless, that they may be violated afterward. Let the South wake up, and face the fearful fact, that the pure virgin (whose snow-white bed is, thank G d, not only without a stain, but without a shadow) is the madly coveted desire of the negro brute.

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Hun was a six-footer, thirty years of age, with a powerful paunch, the loins of a Hercules, and weighed more than two hundred pounds. He looked as tho, if his oily, pock-marked skin were broken, he would bleed black. He had a "cannon-ball head," a low narrow forehead, and a bulbous dish-nose, with the ridge concaved, showing the red inner surface of the mucus membrane, and which expanded alarmingly when he was aroused; his large black eyes, their whites yellow as old ivory, swimming in a ghastly bluish fluid, seemed as powerful as marine glasses, and

fairly sparkled with develtry. His small pointed ears, his turgent, mottled, blood-red lips, resembling a wound, and covered with chancres; his tusk-like teeth, long, white, sharp, ferocious, were set slanting in his jaw; his retreating chin, his broad bull-throat, his prodigious jowl, gave him a down-right bestial, almost fiendish appearance; he had a running sore on his neck, which made one's gorge rise at the sight of him. He walked with a bow-legged wabble, and always went bare-footed, displaying his big, broad, flat-feet, his heels projecting backwards—toes prehensile—the nails thick and curved like the claws of certain animals, and evidently had not been cut in years.

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Hun was but a few generations from Congo savagery. Along the Atlantic coast of Africa, between Cape Verde, at the North, and Benguela, at the South, the sea makes a great scoop into the land, "as if the Brazilian part of the South American continent had been broken out of the hollow of the African Coast." This was the scene of operations of the slave trade from the time of the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, 500 B. C.; a hot torrid sea; a practically unindented coast-line, washed by a most dangerous surf which girds Africa like a wall; an atmosphere reeking with disease; a dense, miry jungle on landing, the very air of which was like breathing death itself. Hills and mountains rise in the distance, flooded with a dreamy haze. The Congo, discov-

ered by the Portuguese in the 14th century, one of the great rivers of the world, winds about the low delta lands covered with masses of mangrove and palm-trees, and haunted by poisonous and vicious reptiles. Here is the home of the various races and tribes of black people, that furnished the slaves for the South, the descendants of which are the close blood-relatives of our negro stock, now commonly designated as the "Afro-American."

Hun's great grandfather was a cannibal in the wilds of "Darkest Africa," hardly above the level of an anthropoid ape. "When not checked by the presence of the European, in the middle Congo Basin, the native shambles are still hung with the choice cuts of human bodies, and they continue to be sold in the open market place. The natives will even disinter the corpses of their dead relatives, and eat them after decomposition has set in." (Stanley: "Heart of Africa," Vol. II, page 1819.)

Hun's grandfather was born on board a slaver. The space where the slaves were quartered during the voyage from Africa to New England ("In 1770 there were no less than 150 vessels belonging to Rhode Island alone in the African slave trade." "Hopkins' Reminiscences") was known as " 'twixt decks," it was less than *four* feet high, and in some slavers it was not much over *two!* In this horrid death-pit, they packed away the poor negroes by the hundred. The law will not permit hogs shipped that way now. The men

were usually forward, shackled together two by two. Negresses and children were aft, and though confined were not chained. All of them were pushed along until they touched each other. In some instances they were rammed in and compelled to lie spoon fashion during the entire trip of many weeks. In a little while the dead and the living were in there "linked together in the dark." Often death claimed three-fourths of them; hunger, burning thirst, and unmitigated misery, had them all the time. They wallowed in their own filth, breathing an air pestilential in the extreme; while the women were raped and ravished to the heart's content of the entire crew.

"Our women and our children toiled beside us
in the dark;
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved
them to the shark—
We heaved them to the fishes; but so fast the
galley sped,
We had only time to envy, for we could not
mourn our dead."

Hundreds of such craft were at one time afloat, swarming the Slave Coast of Africa, taking all manner of chances, and conveying their human cargoes to the West Indies, to our American Colonies, and to Brazil. Wendall Phillips said: "It was the money-making scheme of the day, and furnished unlimited opportunity to gratify the

sexual passions with a new and enslaved race. Men would clear thousands of dollars on one trip, and the slave traffic bred pirates, buccaneers, and every species of rascal, coward and scoundrel."

This vast Congoland is still a hell on earth (the new reform is on paper *only*) by reason of the rapacious greed and cupidity of so-called Christian nations (!). The late King of Belgium, that monster of iniquity, allowed unspeakable barbarities perpetrated by the "rubber trust,"—imprisonment and violation of women, the mutilation of little children, and the torture and lash, debauchery and massacre of men, the trampling under foot of the highest human instincts, and the great social law of God, in order that a few Belgians might become multi-millionaires.

When ten years old Hun's father, who had been a slave, was hung for killing his faithless wife, the boy's mother. He had caught her in a ditch with her own brother, and had brained the criminal couple.

After that, the little black waif, who had never been taught a prayer, nor heard the name of God except in profanity, did light jobs about turpentine "stills," saw mills, cotton gins, cotton factories and cotton seed-oil mills. The whites who employed him gave him little or nothing for his work; and the lazy, lecherous wretches, veritable Yahoos, of his own race, used him for the vilest purposes. So "without a conscience or a cent," his time was passed in idleness, pilfering and

night prowling. For days he went gnawing hungry, and at night, slept in a pile of pine straw. During the summer he would remain in the woods for weeks—sometimes famishing and ill—living on blackberries and stolen watermelons. Judge Lindsey, Dr. Bernardo, Gen. Booth or Booker Washington might have saved him.

But it is doubtful. Young negroes are by nature distinctly lewd and sensual in their inclinations. It is a brutal phallic fact (see "The Negro: A Menace to American Civilization," page 125, by R. W. Shufeldt, M.D., Maj., Med. Dept., U. S. Army, Retired) that they are equipped far above the males of other races for sensual indulgences. Travelers and sociologists who have studied the temperament of the black in his original home—Central Africa—concur in describing his sexual appetites as unparalleled elsewhere and almost ungovernable. Indeed, the surprising spread of Islam in Africa is explained on the express ground that the law of Mohammed makes large concessions to the sexual appetite, not only permitting the faithful to have four wives apiece, but also an unlimited number of concubines. The Sisters of Charity have found that infibulation even is often powerless to preserve the virginity of the girls. The most insuperable bar to the propagation of Christianity in that region, is the rigor with which it enforces monogamy and sexual purity. That Oriental proverb, "But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

beneath are all the fiends," applies with far more force to the African that to the Asiatic.

In this country as in Africa, at an early age, negro boys develop a desire to carnally possess white maidens and women—traits in reality they never outgrow, and which are a constant menace to the gentler sex of the Anglo Saxon race everywhere.

So Hun soon learned to revel in lewd conversation—the only conversation of the degraded whites and blacks—in erotic practices, and in unlimited sensual pursuits. Ever since puberty, at eleven, he had run after women, seducing and assaulting little girls of his own race. A father at twelve, at thirty he boasted that he had possessed nearly three hundred women, that he had begotten forty bastards, and he lyingly informed "River Billy's" boys that ten of them were begotten of white women. It is the invariable and and inveterate habit of degraded negroes to slander even the "first ladies of the land." This is the sort of vile talk that Southern white boys have to hear, from their enforced association at farm labor, with the criminal negroes, often exconvicts.

At fifteen years of age, a hundred years old in sin and shame, Hun was given ten years in the chain gang for stabbing a companion while "shooting craps"—the African dice game. Here he had been further brutalized by all the instruments of torture, and by his association with the worst type of the criminal negro. There were

deep cicatrices on his ankles, and his entire body was seamed with deep lines where he had been cut into ribbons by the "cat."

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Nearly every Southern State maintains a school of crime for the training of young criminals, both white and black, in the convict lease system, a dehumanizing, devil-making institution. Both prison and prisoners are farmed out—under the control of private corporations—sold to the highest bidder. To the lessees the bodies and souls of convicts are assigned. The motive of both State and lessee is not morals, but money; not reformation, but exploitation of criminals for gain. It is crime turned into a source of revenue, the brawn and blood of criminals bartered for gain.

Criminals are generally scattered in branch prisons—quartered in rude stockades without proper sanitation, food or clothing. The average life of these convicts is less than ten years. Old and young are promiscuously chained together. Even men and women are in some camps, not separated. Hardened criminals—possessors of secrets they ought never to have an opportunity to impart to others, but should carry to their bed in hell—and the boy convicted of his first offence—the comparatively good and the most depraved, vile, and abandoned, are chained together. One warden of a State penitentiary protests in his report (in 1905) that under the present law and custom, the pententiary is a

school of crime, instead of being a reformatory institution. Of the boys under eighteen, nine-tenths of them leave prison much worse than when they came in. God have mercy on them!

Years ago a warden of the Alabama pentitentiary bore witness to the filth, and vermin, and horrors, of these prisons. "Our system" said he, "is a better training school for criminals than any of the dens of iniquity that exist in the slums in our large cities, a disgrace to the State, and a reproach to civilization."

The outcome of the careful investigation of the convict lease system, on the part of Governor Candler, of Georgia, was a revelation of inhumanity, barbarity and shameless immorality. Much of it was unfit for the public prints. But that perfidious system will never again darken and damn the "red old hills of Ga."

Bishop Thirkield says, "In a period of two years, over 1,100 of these convicts, 982 of these were negroes, escaped from Southern prisons. Think of 1,100 thieves, murderers, thugs, incendiaries, and rapists, at large; lawless men roaming in defiance of all law and order. Think of a system that has no reformatory element, but

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The following appeared in all the newspapers while the writer was reading his proof sheets, and it is an every-day occurrence in the South:

NEGRO KILLS WHITE WOMAN NEAR OCALA

Ocala, Oct. 2.—Mrs. P. T. W——, a well-known white woman, was shot and killed by a negro near here to-day, presumably after she had resisted his efforts to assault her.

that educates young criminals in crime—and that by its barbarity, brutalizes and dehumanizes men—that do not die under the horror of the system—to debauch and degrade society. From such a criminal-making institution, what wonder if there have come forth hundreds of moral monsters, white and black, to curse the South."

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The negro's contribution to American civilization has been fundamental. He has felled our forests, plowed our fields, planted and harvested our crops, built our railroads, cooked our food, nursed our children, and in it all he has been a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for other men. Whatever we may rightly say about

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After committing the crime the negro escaped. His identity is unknown, but the fact that he left a convict's blouse behind him leads to the belief that he is an escaped convict.

Thousands of citizens have joined in the search for the negro, assisting Sheriff Galloway and the entire section is in a fever of excitement. A large number of negroes have been arrested, but have been released when they proved their innocence. Late to-night a telephone message from Rentz's mill at Silver Springs stated that a negro thought to be the right one, had been arrested and was being brought back to Ocala.

The murder occurred four and a half miles north of Ocala on the Anthony hard road. The screams of the unfortunate woman, followed by the report of a pistol, were heard by some of the neighbors living some distance away.

The victim of the awful tragedy was the daughter of Wayne M——, a Confederate veteran, and one of the county's pioneers. She was the wife of P. T. W——, an estimable and valued citizen who has a position with the McDowell Crate Mills. She was about forty years of age and leaves four children, three boys and one girl, all of whom were at school when the tragedy occurred.

his indolence, and his inefficiency and his criminality, it is eminently true that the negro has been a magnificent economic force at the South. The place of service is his relation to our social system, and will be for many years to come.

Having placed him in this relation, the white man owes the negro two distinct and positive obligations: first, to see that he is made efficient and competent for the best industrial service; second, to protect him in the pursuit of his assigned and accepted duties.

To this end, our best community-life demands that the State should provide for the negro the best industrial training schools, like Booker Washington's "Tuskegee Institute," fitted out with the most modern appliances and directed by competent authorities for the fullest preparation in the various departments of industrial endeavor, and then officially, see that the negro avails himself of the opportunities secured for him in this way.

After all the trouble and expense for preparation on the part of the State, the State is bound to protect the negro in the peaceable pursuit of his industrial service.

Is this protection now the policy of the State?

The Georgia railroad strike a few years ago is within easy recall of everyone. A strongly organized body of men, supported by large numbers of sympathizing citizens, openly declared that the Georgia Railroad should not employ negroes in a specified department of its service.

The road insisted upon its guaranteed rights to employ whomsoever it pleased. The organized body of men presented open and defiant resistance to the right of the road.

Here was an open conflict between a body of citizens and the State, with the industrial negro the issue.

And things are coming to a pretty pass in the North. New York city's negro population is growing steadily and as fast as he is driven from one occupation the black is entering those fields which, either because they are new or because hitherto they have been occupied entirely by whites, have not yet been closed to him. From the house building trades and the mechanical fields he is largely excluded. The chauffeur is a development of the past ten years and it is only lately that he has become a factor.

Negro chauffeurs are no longer permitted within the patrol-flavored precincts of many of the best garages of New York and each day sees accessions to the list of these auto-storage places where the black is not wanted. Not merely on the "blue gum" has the ban been laid. The chauffeur may be only a quadroon, an octoroon even, but standing firmly by the adage, "a nigger is a nigger even if you whitewash him" the garage proprietors refuse sanctuary to the machine he drives.

Vagrancy, "hoboism," is now one of the most dangerous tendencies of the times. Vagrancy is a great breeder of crime. The growing army of

white tramps is bad enough. What will we do, when millions of negroes in this country, are driven into enforced idleness and loitering, and denied the opportunity to make an honest living in legitimate service? Such condition will multiply criminals beyond our power to punish, or our inclination to reclaim.

* * * * * *

Since Hun's escape, after serving seven years, unspeakably degraded, guilty of the grossest immorality and of every conceivable and inconceivable sexual perversity, addicted to thieving, lying, and every imaginable crime, his hands red with the blood of his fellowmen—he had led the life of a vagabond in half a dozen different States—at the oil wells of Texas, at the rice and sugar plantations of Louisiana, at the fish and oyster canneries of Mississippi, at the coal mines of Alabama, and at the phosphate beds of South Carolina; he had packed peaches in Georgia, oranges in Florida, and had everywhere worked at the cotton crop, the all-absorbing passion in the South, in one stage or another of the crop's growth. He seldom remained more than a week at a place, but he had been with "River Billy" nearly three months, and in some respects, he had become an excellent servant—amiable and assiduous. He had even made a melodramatic attempt to render himself good-looking. His left ear was bespangled with a big brass crescent, and his fingers were garnished with big brass rings. His kinky, lousy hair, he kept carefully

combed, spending hours upon this part of his toilet. His cravats you could hear a mile away on a dark night.

The truth is, all unsuspected by the family, the negro had the devil in him—after pretty little Mary. Nobody suspected danger, for Hun was as sly as the pythons of his forefathers' native jungles, and the child was too proud to let even her mother know of the negro's infatuation. The bare thought of such a shameful thing made her face burn scarlet in the dark.

At this moment there is not a white woman in the South safe when left alone. The criminal negro, more cunning than the fox, or the rattlesnake, is a greater menace than the most ferocious of escaped wild beasts. Lying in wait, eavesdropping, peeping thro blinds, keyholes, and the cracks of closets, these emissaries of evil, are watching the white woman, like a panther watches his prey, eager to seize and destroy her at the first opportunity.

Hun slept in the "back shed-room" with only a wall, in which he had picked a peep hole, between Mary and himself. He could see her as

> "Her gentle limbs she did undress
> And lay down in her loveliness."

The eyes of the dirty devil had repeatedly reveled and rioted on the wonder of her beauty from the nape of her neck—"the neck that made the white robe wan," to her magically turned little ankles.

Many a night after watching her undress and bathe he lay choking and gnawing his pillow, in frightful paroxysms of lust, planning the child's ruin.

It is perilous for negro servants to sleep under the same roof with their white employers. Negro farms hands sleeping in the "back shed rooms" of the poor whites in the country, and negro cooks, and house maids, in "servant's rooms" adjoining (or in the yards of) the mansions of the rich—in the towns and cities, have been the beginning of many nameless tragedies.

Already Hun had secretly debauched Mary's young brothers, while swimming with them in the Suwanee, and had made of them "things utterly supple and corrupt."

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As the torrid afternoon wore away, Hun kept the boys amused with his running fire of funny talk, for he had a real gift of mimicry, and the comic African wit, characteristic as Irish grotesquerie or French *esprit.* Now and then he tried to engage Mary in conversation, with an electric sparkle in his velvety eyes, but she replied only in monosyllables, in her low, singing tone. Her voice was sad as the sigh of the Suwanee river.

"While like a flower, a butterfly
Of blue and scarlet fluttered on
Her cheek an instant, and was gone,
Leaving his colors in good-bye."
—*Leconte De Lisle's "Poemes Barbares."*

She seldom raised her eyes from the hoe. When she did, it was to gaze dreamily where the wine-colored river flashed and murmured, or at the far off hills, glimmering pallid in the smoky heat-haze. Mary seemed dazed and stupefied by the terrible sun.

They hoed hard, assailed every now and then by the harsh, dry, whistling whirlwinds. The boys and Hun chewed tobacco or ate guavas continually. Every few minutes, the negro would yawn and stretch, concluding the yawn with a prolonged howl, or roar. And he would run and jump and turn somersaults in the hot sand. It seemed impossible to give sufficient vent to his exuberant, raging, animal energies.

Bees, wasps, enormous butterflies,—red, gold and black,—and humming birds, buzzed about the cotton blossoms, which had been perfectly white early in the morning, but which had turned a delicate pink before noon, and were now a pale purple. On the leaves of the plant, crawled a few big black and yellow caterpillars. The boll-weevil travelling eastward from Texas was now only fifty miles away. Everybody was alarmed by the rumor, for the boll-weevil meant starvation for the Southern farmer, it was still thought, as it was before the days of diversified crops.

Above the heads of the cotton-choppers the frightful sub-tropical sun continued to blaze and blast, "a breeder of monsters, an intensifier of plagues, which changes the cat into the tiger, the lizard into the crocodile, the snake into the

boa, the nettle into the cactus, the wind into the simoon, the miasma into the pestilence."

The laborers now hoed beside the "ole fam'ly buryin' groun'," the last resting place of many Smiths, among them Governor Smith, "River Billy's" great uncle, who had once dined at the White House. The old governor used to "say amen" to the oft-repeated statement of his life-long friend Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina (than whom there was no truer exponent of white civilization and white supremacy), "I have read the history of the world, but I can find no instance where two races have lived side by side like the whites and the negroes, where there has not been universal miscegenation and amalgamation in the end, unless the inferior race were deported, or held in strict subjection." Again, he put it this way, "All history appears to prove that every slave-holding nation has finally absorbed its slaves by mixing the blood of master and slave."

Several Smiths, who were notorious slave-traders of the early decades of the nineteenth century, also awaited in this graveyard the resurrection of the just and the unjust. The founder of "River Billy's" branch of the Smith family, had received his grant of land—half of Tangerine County—from the King of England in 1764 during the short time England held this Spanish territory. But the family had been degenerating for several generations. "River Billy's" father, who boasted that he was the progenitor of every

mulatto baby born on his father's big cotton plantation for twenty years, finally was forced by the "Black Hand" into a "shot-gun marriage" with a "Dago's" daughter. (In those days, the Mafia dominated several other sections of the South, as it did New Orleans.) This woman was "River Billy's" mother.

As the choppers hoed past the grave-yard with its mournful yellow, almost human looking mounds, where jay-birds cried and played among the fallen leaves, shaded by cedars, magnolias, palms, royal poncianas, with "yellow, glorious, golden" flowers, and moss-hung pines, from the top of one, "a brilliant song-bird sobbed and sung," Hun, with his deep guttural accent, told a ghost story.

It made the boys' mouths open and their eyes stare. Hun gave a senile snigger, as "Little River Billy" put in some naive remark, and Mary glanced up with a merry twinkle--her round pupils quivering in the center of their blue irises. Her long lashes made light shadows upon her cheeks. Near her mouth there was a delicate beauty-spot (like the mole on the cheek of Saadi's sweetheart which he said was worth three marble cities) caressed by a dimple. Her soft laughter had a violin-like wistfulness.

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At the end of the rows nearest the house—the small farmhouse in the center of a tropical garden (where mocking-birds in chorus sung like

mad) containing several hundred trees—live oak, sweet bay, moss-hung pine, olive, eucalyptus, mulberry, yellow-haw, palm, Japanese persimmon and plum, palmetto, magnolia, banana, pecan, pineapple, loquats, tangerine, orange, lemon, kum-quat, manderin, guava, spodilla, lime, mango, honey-locust, grape-fruit, tamarind, mimosa, bamboo-clusters, big cactus plants, rubber plants and camphor trees—they paused for a moment to take a breath. Mrs. Smith, haggard from a hard day in the hot kitchen, came out through a marvelous labyrinth of oleanders, late poinsettas, vermilion hibiscus, passion flowers, the red blooms of the pomegranate, the white flower of the rice plant, Jacarenda with blue clusters, crepe myrtle blossoms, the intense crimson of bougainvilla, geraniums, cossava, royal poinciana, and a paradise of millions of riotous scarlet and yellow roses, to bring Mary a slice of watermelon. She was holding her pitiful little blind baby of three months, and suckling it.

Mrs. Smith's blind baby, and her fifteen months old paralytic baby, were a part of "River Billy's" wages of sin. "Be sure your sins will find you out," is the clear word of the Old Book of God. They "will find you out," *in your children,* affirms Billy Sunday, in a powerful sermon that causes cold thrills.

Dr. William Osler, describing the diseases which are the greatest scourge to the human race, such as cholera, yellow fever, small-pox, consumption, pneumonia and leprosy, wrote of the

group of venereal diseases as follows: "These are, in one respect, the worst of all we have to mention, for they are the only ones transmitted, in full virulence, to innocent children, to fill their lives with suffering, and which involve, equally, innocent wives in the misery and shame."

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What is designated by the medical profession as "the Great Black Plague," is peculiarly apt for the prevalence of social diseases in the South, where they find in the negro and the mulatto fertile soil, and a willing medium for their dissemination.

Out from the negro huts—the "houses behind the cedars," in the country, and from the gaudy bagnios (see the nortorious "Blue Book" of New Orleans, a directory of saloons, and places of ill-fame) of the mulatto and the octoroon in the great cities, men carry "scourging social illnesses to innocent wives and unborn children destined to dwarfed or sightless lives." Many of the best and purest white women are being ruined physically.

The direct effect of miscegenation on innocent women and babies has recently been shown in figures. (See the "South's Fight for Race Purity," by R. W. Woolley, in *Pearson's Magazine*, 1911.) To it is due 65 per cent. of the surgical operations on good women, and one-third of all blindness in babies. It is ten times as contagious as leprosy, and causes more deaths than tuberculosis.

Dr. Frank L. Jones, Professor of Clinical Medicine and Physical Diagnosis in the Memphis Hospital Medical College, in an address before the Chicago Society of Social Hygiene, 1903, on Syphillis in the Negro, said: "Syphillis obtains in all its forms, in the most classic type, in the negro, by reason of his habits, his environments, his utter indifference to the disease and his carelessness and delay in having it treated. My experience, covering a period of more than six years in a large clinic composed almost entirely of negroes, justifies me in making the statement that 75 per cent. of the negroes who come as patients are syphilitic, either acquired or hereditary."

Dr. Henry McHatton, of Macon, Ga., writing in the American Journay of Dermatology, on venereal diseases among negroes, said: "They have added to their freedom an almost universal infection from venereal diseases and tuberculosis. This condition originally started in the cities, but it has rapidly spread to the country. In the years I have practiced where the population is 50 per cent. negro, I have yet to see one who would continue treatment for any venereal disease any longer than there was extreme discomfort to himself. The towns are infested with professional prostitutes and clandestine prostitution is the rule. The conditions of the race are pitiable to us of the old South, who can appreciate what the negro has been. His rapid degeneration, physically, mentally, and morally and his

reversion to barbaric tendencies with all the added vices of civilization, is appalling. From the most healthy race in the country forty years ago, the negro is the most diseased. A vast majority of our epidemic diseases are brought into our families through our servants. Think of a young mother leaving her home to save her first-born from possible contagion of a case of scarlet fever around the corner, and the same first-born making the trip in the arms of a nurse with a mouth full of mucous patches."

Eminent men in charge of the gynecological work of the great hospitals at the South say that 90 per cent. of the colored women over 14 years of age, give histories of one or other of the social diseases, and among the colored men and boys these diseases are practically universal. This is the reason why a determined fight upon miscegenation has been begun in Louisiana and South Carolina and is spreading to other Southern States.

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Mary ate slowly the cool and delicious piece of watermelon; it had been in the deep well all day. The heart of the melon was less crimson than her lips. The under one, was of the seductive "bee-stung" shape, raved about by Sir John Suckling. On her upper lip, short and slightly upcurled, appeared the barely perceptible shade of a precocious down.

"Little River Billy" had to stop work to go to Cobbtown for some coffee. Cobbtown was a railroad station with three "Jew stores," "Dago stands," a blacksmith's shop, and half a dozen dwellings. Nearly every house "in town" was either a saloon, or a blind tiger, with "drug store attachments," where negro brutes filled up on rot-gut and cocaine; going forth in the night like wild and ravening beasts, and thus the very terrors of hell were turned loose upon unprotected women and children, in lonely country homes. Sam Jones' famous saying is specially apt in the "Black Belt," "Whiskey is a good thing in its place, but its place is in hell!" Jodie, the youngest, was sent for the cows. Mary, Willie of ten, and the negro, started to make another round of the long rows.

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It was near sunset. The hot whirlwinds had gone down. In the flamboyant west, "gorgeous as the first day of creation," a conflagration of magnificent cloud constellations, looked like the fall of Babylon or Troy. In the east, an infinite distance away, beyond a region of dreamy, nebulous blue, a fleeting stretch of ether, irridescent as the heart of an opal, or the breast of a dove, reminded one of a vision. Mrs. Smith called to the hoe-hands to hurry up, and finish another round "befo' knockin' hof fur thur night." When "'River Billy' cum bac' fum 'Cindy's" he

would "raise Cain and wuss" because they had not made greater progress that day.

A man with a whiskey face, red as a "turkey gobbler's snout," and broken out with purple pimples, and with a long, thin, drooping mustache, like the fins of a catfish—who was a candidate for some petty county office, rode up to the fence and hailed Hun. By giving him a drink of scorching "moonshine peach," which Hun gulped down with bestial avidity, he got the promise of the negro's vote. Bill Arp used to say that the white man who bought "nigger votes with red-eye," was "meaner-looking" than a "bob-tailed yallow dog caught sucking eggs or killing sheep."

The greatest blunder and crime of the nineteenth century occurred, when mililons of "lazy, lousy, lecherous sons of cannibals from the banks of the accursed Congo," in the language of Senator Vardeman, were, at one stroke of the pen,—the immortal pen that wrote about "a government of the people, for the people, by the people," given full political equality with the Anglo Saxons, the most powerful weapon known to a free people—the ballot—that

> "Executes the people's will,
> As lightning does the will of God."

But an election day in the South, where the negroes are not disenfranchised by the "grandfather clause," is the greatest farce in Christen-

dom. Victory is certain to perch on the banners of the party with the "moonshine peach" and the "silver bucks."

Cursed be the low, perfidious whites, who buy black votes with whiskey and cocaine, or who for the sake of a little filthy gain, sell rot-gut and hell fire to negro vagrants and tramps, in dens of infamy, reeking with Spanish fly, and adorned with obscene paintings! Here are the hot-beds of rape, murder, mob and massacre.

Certain wholesale whiskey houses of the West have for years been accustomed to put up a mixture of high wine, cantharides and alcohol—"rye whiskey" falsely so-called—with the picture of a nude white woman on the bottle, to sell in the "black belt" of the South!

During the Atlanta riots gaudy oil chromos of nude white women and nude negro men were found in the abominable liquor dives of that city. And they were *loaned* to the white and black barkeepers by brewers and distillers.

The crusade against vice by the Men and Religion Forward Movement, found in a certain large Southern city, a house of ill-fame whose inmates were white women, maintained exclusively for negro men, known to, and countenanced by, it was said, the friendly whiskey interests.

Beneath such things there is no depth. These men—to quote Billy Sunday, are "so low-down, that when they die, they will have to take an aeroplane to get *up* to hell."

Inflamed by the raw spirit, Hun came back to the hoe, with his bow-legged roll, licking the flexions of his full-curled lips, with suave sensuality, and giving vent to a stentorious whoop, "When yer strikes un de steel—ho, yer hears de iun roar—he-ho-ho!" Mary glanced at him scornfully.

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Willie stuck a splinter in his foot, and it bled so profusely, he had to go to the house to have it bandaged. The little fellow—pale and wizened, had had "hook worms" ever since suffering a sunstroke the summer before, and his association with Hun had been as detrimental to his health as to his mind and morals. As Willie limped off he said he would return in a few minutes. Poor little Mary was afraid to be left alone with the negro, but she thought that her mother was within the sound of her voice, and her father had slapped her face only two days before, for not "staying by," and "hurrying up," Hun and the boys.

Hear it again: Parents in the South must learn to protect their helpless, innocent children. The little white girl, who is left alone with a negro man or boy, is doomed and damned. The files of all the great Southern dailies for the last forty years prove the terrible truthfulness of this statement.

Mary and Hun now neared the far end of the rows next to the swamp. They made minute sil-

houettes in the receding vista of the long, level fields, until they vanished in the twilight distance of the river bottoms.

A gigantic magnolia rose from the underbrush of the gallberry and guava bushes covered with roses in the little thicket just ahead of them. The scent of its blossoms, mingled with the compplicated perfumes of resinous pines, jasmine, honey-suckle, sweet shrub, myrtle, Bermuda lilies and late orange and lemon blossoms, enamoured the air with a heavy sweetness. Tetie's nostrils palpitated as she snuffed the puffs of musk. It was an exquisite *retrousse* nose, "so sensitively cut, that she could express any mood she chose, with her nostrils."

Hun watched her, out of the corner of his big, black velvety eyes, gloating on her thrilling beauty with a malign significance. She was bare headed now, and an abundance of "fire-gold, flickering hair," swept up to the crown of her high-flung head (a head set so far back on her shoulders, and on a line so straight, that it would "look haughty in her coffin," causing her mother to tease her sometimes by saying, "Mary yer-er ther unly chil' I ever seed thet could *strut settin' down*") where it was twisted into a kind of coronet. On her forehead, the fine violet veins made an azure glamour. Her rose-gold satin cheeks were touched with the last yellow lightnings of the sunset. Her features had the grace and delicacy which is the hereditary mark of "blue blood." For generations, her father's side of the

house, with the exception of the "Dago-grandmother," had been swung in silken hammocks by octoroon slaves, and lulled beneath the magnolias and royal poncianas by the moonlight song of the mocking-bird. Her's was fair as "the face that launched a thousand ships." As she bent over the hoe handle with a languid grace, her firm little breasts, that gave promise of "superb abundance, where a man might base his head," distended in distinct outline the thin material of her dress. The girl had the "walk of a queen."

The scarlet heavens were turning corpse-colored. The river, whose waters the departing sun, had polished with a splendor of purple and fire, now looked like tainted blood. Swallows passed and repassed in bands, "cheeping and twittering twenty millions loves." A peculiar, pallid glare lay on the cyclone-wrecked hills. High up a string of white-moaning birds were hurrying homeward. The bellow of a bull, a big black Dutch, spotted with white, which had just passed around the field, and the tinkle of a cow-bell—the Angelus of the pine barrens—came from the swamp, where a herd of cattle had gone for water. A light wind arose, and murmured that low song of pines, which is always a moan. Beyond the river a terrier, with piercing yelps, was running a rabbit. The palms and magnolias rustled in the breeze. A red-bellied woodpecker was tapping somewhere. A pine cone dropped and echoed. The faint shriek of a distant train was heard. Jodie was calling cows far down the

river. In one of the magnolias a mocking-bird rivalled Sappho or a seraph. From a lagoon near the river, full of lotus and lilies, came the low, sonorous cries of the coot. The Suwanee went singing sadly to the Mexic sea. One star quivered in the quiet sky.

Hun, whose eyes had became cat-like in appearance, full of phosphorescence, and flecked with gold, cast a rapid and furtive look around—there was not a soul in sight. His nostrils broadened rapaciously.

Suddenly, Mary, with a spasm of surprise, felt herself seized from behind. As with the ferocity of a panther, Hun's arms, supple as a serpent and hard as iron, were around her, and his hands at her throat.

Tho but a child, Mary understood in a baleful flash, and with a face ghastly and distraught, she struggled desperately to free herself. Half choking, she gasped, "Oh, my God, let—me—go. Oh, mama, mama, come here. Oh, my God!"

As brave a little girl as ever breathed the air of the South, she made a frantic resistance and succeeded by a sudden jerk in disengaging herself from the negro's grasp, with almost all of her clothing torn from her body. Breathless, trembling, shuddering, she fled nearly naked—but with a spring, Hun overtook her, and with a blow from his powerful fist on the side of her head, sent her crashing down into the grass. With the hellish agility of a monster, he then made a dash for the gallberry bushes, dragging

the poor, unfortunate child by her throat and hair. Night's blackest billows rolled from the Atlantic over Florida.

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The whole country, aroused by the atrocious crime, the news of which spread like wild-fire, became an immense posse, furious and precipitous—on race horses, in fast automobiles, and on motor-cycles—scouring the woods, and searching the negro quarters of three counties, with blood-hounds and Winchesters.

Never had the feeling of the community been aroused to such a pitch against the negroes, for "little Mary" was a pet with everybody. However, many "well-to-do" white men, "did protest too much," "tearing passion to tatters," while hiding their negro wives and mulatto children. Col. Loud Eloquence, whose mouth was "a fountain of falsehood and a sepulchre of rum," the congressman from that district, and a "pillar in his church," who was elected to congress by continually exploiting the demagogue's favorite political bug-bear—the menace of social equality, carried his octoroon consort twenty miles in the foot of his buggy, concealed beneath the lap-robe. The colonel's recent campaign, during which he had suffered from "an acute dysentary of words and a chronic constipation of ideas," had been the apotheosis of the political color-line. It reviewed the terrors of the carpet-bag period, and

invested with vicarious consequence, the spooks of a long-buried past. The colonel could play with a master hand on the passions and prejudices of the red-necks and the hill-billies. He could make the rafters roar on the shame of social equality (while practicing a "diabolical social equality")—and the sublimity of the race-trust committed to the Caucasian peoples of the South! How this "hot-air artist" loved the "temporary hallelujahs of flunkies!" In one of his perspiring perorations, stamping and foaming, he would always conclude with a quotation (he "lived by the sweat of his quotation marks") from "Pitchfolk Ben" Tillman. "Let the noble white men of the South, go ahead and do what they believe to be right about the damned niggers, regardless of all the Yankees between Cape Cod and hell."

Nobody talked about anything except Hun's dastardly deed. All sorts of stories were told, disseminating a legend of horror. An earring had been torn out of Mary's ear, and in the struggle, she had been gripped with such force, that a gold ring she wore had been flattened into the flesh of one of her fingers. It was even said that the negro had used a knife on his victim, and her nose was almost bitten off, caused by the fiend's teeth being shut down on it for a long time, to cut off her breath, and her right arm was broken. She was suffering from concussion of the brain and it was feared, a fractured skull. For days the child's life was despaired of, from

the nervous shock and her frightful physical injuries. Her mother was also in a critical condition as a result of the crime.

Revenge consumed the people. The blood literally boiled in their veins. They swore not to kill Hun if possible in arresting him—although they expected fierce resistance, as he was probably armed with brass knuckles, several razors, a Smith & Wesson and a Winchester (for the negro from boyhood is a past master with these weapons)—they would save him for the stake. It was believed that Hun was still hiding in the neighborhood—secreted by members of his own race.

The people, like madmen, went in great bands, running their horses, covered with lather, splashed up to their backs, streaming and panting, over sands and swamps, jumping ditches and gullies, tearing through thickets, dashing into bogs, splashing through the mud, lagoons, creeks and rivers. A big touring car filled with armed men, was overturned by a hot-headed chauffeur, injuring several. A dozen packs of trained bloodhounds were brought from as many convict camps hundreds of miles away. The State offered a large reward. All classes of the white people, armed with shot-guns, rifles and pistols, joined in running down the ravisher. Every possible place of concealment in three countries was thoroughly and repeatedly searched. The whole country was scoured and beaten up, turned topsy-turvy, over and over again. Resentment against

the negroes continued to run high—among the poorer classes. "River Billy's" mulatto wife and negroid children after having been subjected to the grossest indignities, and their home pillaged and burned, were driven from the county.

A lot of low-down white men had threatened to lynch "ole uncle Billy Jones," the "Hardshell" preacher, for the following pulpit utterances the previous Sunday: "We get wonderfully wrought up over the question of social equality, and all the politicians have to do is to threaten us with the bugbear of social equality, and out we light for the polls. Well, there isn't much in that. Some years ago Teddy ate lunch and Booker Washington was present. We all stood up and shrieked in wild dismay. The foundations of society were attacked. But after all it didn't amount to much. Collars were still two for a quarter, and two-bits was the price of an average chicken. We are learning better sense now. Social equality doesn't threaten from that quarter. Our danger is not from the man who eats with them up North. *It is from the man down here who demands the right to be a white man in the daytime, and a nigger at night.* Oh, the shame of it! Two little white girls, sisters, were walking down the street in a Southern city. A crowd of little yellow girls came along and elbowed them into the gutter. A policeman, seeing this, shoved the offenders off the sidewalk, and restored the frightened little girls to the pavement. Whereupon one of the

little yellow girls switched her skirts and said: 'Yes, you can't let me stay on the sidewalk with you, but you an' me is sisters just the same.' And the horrible thing about it is that it was true.

"When we look the matter square in the face, Cain was a pattern of brotherly love, Judas Iscariot a model of loyalty, and Benedict Arnold the perfection of patriotism, compared with the Southern white man who makes his mother the grandmother of a 'saddle-colored citizen,' gives his little girl a yellow half-brother, and drives a dagger into the heart of all his country's interests and hopes, to gratify the vilest passion ever brewed in the blackest depths of hell."

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One evening, some days later, "River Billy," his wife, and all his children except "Little River Billy," who was with the posse still scouring the country in a fruitless man-hunt, were seated on their veranda. In all probability this was the most miserable family on earth that night. The old man kept close to the house, for so great was the alarm among the women of the community, that no reputable farmer's wife, would think of remaining at home alone, even while her "men folk" were at their work in the near-by fields. In all weathers, the terrorized women, would follow their husbands to the scene of their labor, to be near them for protection.

Many persons now recalled the memorable words of John Temple Graves: "The terror of

the twilight deepens with the darkness, and in the rural regions, every farmer leaves his home with apprehension in the morning, and thanks God when he comes from the fields at evening, to find all well with the women of his house. For behind the prejudice of race, stalks the fiend of lust, and behind the rapist thunders the mob, engine of vengeance, monstrous, lawless, deplorable; but, under the law's uncured defects (and while criminals can buy whiskey from every huckster), the fiery terror of the ravisher and the chief defence of woman."

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Mary, sat propped by pillows, on a rare old couch of Spanish mahogany, which had been in the family for a hundred years. She had changed from a pretty child, with proud little high-flung head, and laughing eyes, into a sad-faced woman, with chalky cheeks, splotched with red, her eyes sunk in dark hollows, who looked as if she ought to be in a hospital ward for many a day. Such was the anguish, she felt that she could never look anybody in the face again. She passed from deadly nausea, convulsive retching, and ague-like fits of shuddering, to outbursts of passionate weeping and hysterical screaming. She had learnt terror, agony, disgust, a horrible self-loathing, and shame in its most degrading form. Drugged sleep came to her as a deadly oppression, and she woke with a weariness and horror of life. She understood, young as she was, that she had received from the negro brute, the sen-

tence of social damnation; she was a ruined woman, a pariah.

As she thought how her shame would make her a laughing-stock for the lewd negroes, they called her "Hun's gal," and an object of half-contemptuous pity among the illiterate white people, children whispered when they saw her and turned away horrified, grown up people, family friends and relatives would not kiss her, for they thought her forehead would soil their lips—the very sunshine, God's sweet, white sunshine, seemed to gibe and grin at her, she had resolved to take her own life. Her heart-broken mother had already secretly procured for her a bottle of strychnine. Many a good woman in the South has hid her disgrace in death.

The night was close and hot. Pestilential miasmas were in the air from the low water in the lagoons, and fever,—malarial, denque, typhoid, hemorrhagic, and, some whispered, yellow, were almost epidemics in the neighborhood. Big poisonous mosquitoes—there are thirty different kinds in Florida (did not an authority once say there were three hundred kinds in New Jersey?) —millions of them—had to be fought without ceasing, with stiff palmetto fans. Mary, who was too feeble to fight them, bathed her face, neck and ankles with citronelle and pennyroyal. Bats darted about the veranda, occasionally striking folks in the face. Inside the house, immense swarms of flies could be heard hissing tiresomely, even in the dark. A spider, big as a man's hand,

scuttled along the floor. Great, soft night-moths fluttered everywhere.

The immobility of the atmosphere told of the approach of a storm, then about ten miles distant. Every few minutes there came a glimmer of lightning and the sudden roar of thunder from the southwest. Lightning also flared from a thunder-head in the southeast. In each of these towering black clouds it seemed—

"A deaf-mute devil and his deaf-mute brother,
Made signals with the lightning to each other."

The rain would be a God-send, for the long drought had almost desolated the crops.

Mary, motionless, and with an infinite sadness of mien, gazed out across the star-lit cotton field, which three months later, in the October moonlight, would look like a half mile of St. Cecily's white roses and Easter lilies. She gazed beyond the field, but without seeing, the fantastic ballet of fireflies in the Suwanee swamp. She was mindless also of the gold and purple wonder of the Southern heavens, with the "gorgeous star-flight from the East."

The shadows about the house in the tropical jungle, "amid the darkness that one felt was green," were filled with slight sounds, with strange rustlings and flutterings. Something scared the guinea-fowl and they began to shriek. A Lilliputian orchestra of crickets and grasshoppers performed in the tall pines near the gate.

Moon-flowers and night-blooming cereus could be faintly seen in the yard.

The dull bull-bellow of an alligator came from the river bottoms. The hoot of an owl, a flute-like tremelo, came from the graveyard where slept the old governor, who had "gloried and drank deep" at the White House banquet, in the late "fifties," and who had long ago turned to dust under his yellow mound. A shooting star startled the heavens in its sudden flight. In the calm before the storm there could be heard at intervals, the whistle of a locomotive, now short and sharp, wild and menacing, and now a far off, almost human wailing, very grievous to hear. The storm was only a few miles away when the family retired.

Half an hour later, when the household was asleep, and the sky a blue-black pall, shot with forked lightning, something scared the guinea-fowl worse than ever, and they were screeching like demons. Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning revealed, as its wan refulgencies died away, something to make one's heart stop beating. Hun Sogless, stripped of nearly all his clothing, his face wearing the carved smile of some hideous Japanese mask, and with a crowbar on his shoulder, was stealthily approaching "River Billy's" dwelling.

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There was nothing to be found in that house—that slaughter pen—the next day that resembled a human skull. Mrs. Smith, the two boys, and four little girls, were recognized only by their

bodies, for their heads were a pulp of flesh and blood and bone. Their cries for help, if they had a chance to shriek out upon the name of God, were devoured by the semi-tropical rain storm that swept the far South during the night. Hun had chosen his time well for a carnival of crime.

There were two large framed pictures in the home—the chamber of horrors—one a portrait of Bishop Pierce and his father, the other General Lee's death-bed. They hung high up on the wall, but both were spattered and ruined. And even the overhead ceiling had to be scraped, scoured and whitewashed, before the house was again habitable.

"River Billy," bound and gagged, head downward, was found at the bottom of his seventy-foot well. And Mary had disappeared as tho she had never existed.

What was left of the poor creature was discovered two days later, several miles from her home, in an old alligator cave, in a bluff of the Suwanee, dry by reason of the low water. At first she appeared too livid to be alive. Her face was swollen and bruised beyond recognition. A blow in the face had broken her nose, and closed the eyes of the child with the flow of blood. There had been another terrible blow over the right breast that had caused it to rise, and threatened blood-poisoning. The fiendish negro had bitten her frightfully in the throat, almost tearing out her carotid artery. She was entirely nude, piteously

mutilated, cancerous with a loathsome, incurable disease. She lay unconscious. There was an unutterable look of horror in her wide-open, glassy, sightless eyes. At the slightest sound of a human voice, or the gentlest touch of the hand, she would shriek, and pass into convulsions.

It was afterwards learned from Mary, that Hun had compelled Mrs. Smith to bind her husband hand and foot, while he was unconscious from a blow. And when the old man regained consciousness, Mary was dragged across his helpless form, and in his agonized presence, in the warm blood of her mother, and little brothers and sisters, she had writhed for hours in the clutches of the rapacious, insatiable negro fiend.

Fate, as if in derision, granted her one mercy; she was in a swoon at the "deep damnation of the taking off" of her father. The hellion then put a plough-line around her neck and alternately drove and dragged her to the alligator cave.

What occurred during the time she was there, Mary could never in her lucid moments, bring herself to whisper, even to the sympathetic ears of her tenderest women friends. If the former denizens of the cave, had witnessed what she let out in her delirium, concerning the "crapulous orgies of Cairo and the Congo" to which she had been subjected by the unbridled lust of such a devil incarnate, even they, would have been stricken with horror. The surgeons, after operating several times, burst out raving. Death, in

poor little Mary's case, an angel of the uttermost compassion, was not long in claiming her.

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The appalling outrages upon females of all ages, from infancy to descrepit old age; the wanton murders and deadly assaults committed with steadily increasing frequency and under circumstances of absolutely fiendish savagery; the abandoned recklessness of consequences and the astounding indifference to the sufferings of either themselves or their victims—these phenomena have for some time past, engaged the attention of enlightened men of all classes and conditions of the South and North.

"Keep on putting red liquor into black hides," said Sam Jones in Atlanta, "and one day you'll see hell break loose on Decatur Street." Sam Jones was hardly cold in his grave before the world was shocked with the news of the Atlanta riots.

And the cocaine and whiskey hypothesis is supported by the demonstrations of science, by the testimony of experienced and observant men, whose occupations bring them in close contact with negroes working in gangs and devoted to pursuits of all kinds. Physicians of high character and qualifications all agree that the liquor habit, more particularly when combined with the cocaine habit, accounts for many diabolical excesses that of late years have shocked innumerable communities throughout the land. They trace the action of the drug and drink with ab-

solute precision, and now, in the light of this new and startling controversy, men are beginning to recall instances involving white persons of the cultivated, highly organized type, whose extravagant and alarming outbursts when under the influence of cocaine and whiskey were utterly inexplicable at the time. So, they argue that if an educated, refined, well-bred white man, of gentle manners and cleanly life, can be temporarily converted by these poisons into a savage and violent ruffain, the illiterate negro, sometimes dwelling in a semi-barbarous environment, and apart from the restraints of social discipline and order, may easily develop the instincts of a wild animal under similar excitation.

As a matter of fact, it is no longer an open question whether some form of cocaine can be obtained at many lumber camps, bridge gangs, and at turpentine distilleries. An official of one of the largest drug houses south of New York said several years ago in a New Orleans newspaper that his firm shipped enormous quantities of the drug to all parts of the far South. The orders came from contractors and operators of the more extensive kind, and these say that they could not keep their working forces together for so much as a week if the men were unable to procure whiskey or cocaine in some form. The effect of these stimulants, as eminent physicians describe it, is to rescue the individual from all mental and physical discomfort, to eliminate the sensation of fatigue, pain, sorrow or unhappiness, to produce

a strange exultation, and for the moment at least, to equip the subject for the most extraordinary feats of strength, endurance and daring.

Cocaine and whiskey have come to be to the criminal negro, what opium and other less injurious drugs are to the low-class Chinaman. It is in fact a passion of steadily increasing violence, and their hold upon their votaries seems to be all the more relentless because of their more disastrous effects,, when combined, upon them.

In a Louisiana city, several years ago, a little schoolgirl was hastening home, her pretty head full of dreams of school teaching and helping her widowed mother. By the wayside a half-drunken negro beast sat with a bottle of gin in his hands. On one side of the bottle was the picture of a naked white woman, holding an indecent attitude, beneath the gin's suggestive name. On the other side was the printed statement that this gin was adapted to develop the vilest of passions.

An hour later, as the mother sat on the doorstep in the glamour of the Southern twilight, waiting for her darling, the child staggered up to the gate, clutched at the post, gasped out, "Mamma!" and fell dying, her sweet lips wet with the bloody froth from her shot-pierced lungs, and the red fire of shame burning into her stainless star-white soul.

In Jackson County, Texas, a few years ago, a mother and her four young children were butchered by a negro boy of seventeen years of age.

The whole nation recalls the Sam Hose case in Georgia. In the language of Governor Northern to a Boston audience:

"Make the case your own. (Will you pardon me if in this presence I tell a part of this horrible tale of woe and misery and loathsome wretchedness, that you may somewhat understand?) Let it be your daughter, sitting at tea with husband and little children, happily enjoying an evening meal. A bloody murderer stealthily approaches, and with the blow of a fiend buries an axe to the eye in the husband's head; he fells him; beats his brains till they spread in sickening horror over the floor. He raises his devilish hand and strikes a stunning blow upon the face of a little child—your grandchild, can you imagine? He drags it across the bleeding, dying body of its father, your daughter's husband, and leaves it senseless, its father's blood dripping from its little skirts. See him as he takes another child, your grandchild, by the heels in one hand and his axe in the other, while he damands of the mother her consent or the cruel murder of her child. Be present in your thought at that supreme moment, and hear her saying, "Save my child." See him then as he confronts, in all the appalling horror of fiendish glare, with uplifted axe, the trembling form of the wife—your daughter (can you imagine—curses as only a demon from hell can swear; jerks her down—your daughter (can you imagine)—and rolls her in the warm blood of the only one she had hoped to defend her from

such awful, awful, awful cruelty and shame! Hear her piteous cries as she writhes for two long, long hours in the embrace of a villain, and then see her as she falls at her father's gate—your gate (can you imagine) half clad and in a death swoon, to tell her horrible, sickening disgusting, loathesome story (a story I cannot tell here, and which has not yet been told because of its loathesomeness). Hear her tell it into her loving mother's ears, and tell me, would you not feel that the punishment of the nethermost hell, whether administered here or hereafter, was not too much for such a human fiend? What would you do? What would your neighbors do? What would a mob in Massachusetts do?"

We are beginning to understand the negro's recent transformation into a ruthless madman, and know the full meaning and the ultimate possibilities of "the black terror." * Well-informed men are no longer in any doubt as to the origin, or the agency, in part at least, of the dreadful social conditions by which we are now confronted. We do not however, consider the negro as the sole responsible cause. But the terror has

*At midnight, August 1, 1913, a negro made a murderous attack with an axe on the family of a white farmer near Cairo, Ga.

This press dispatch appeared next day:

"B—— and his wife are expected to die. They received gashes from the axe in their heads as they lay asleep, that virtually brained them. They have never regained consciousness. His three eldest children, two girls, 16 and 14, and a boy 8, have gashes from the axe over their heads, necks, shoulders, arms and backs. The other three chil-

been unmistakably revealed to us, and we realize it, in all its hideous proportions.

George Stuart, the John B. Gough of to-day, says: "Drink and the race problem are making the South go dry. We're learning down here that the only way for the white man to control the black man in this country is for the white man to control himself. Every negro who commits the nameless crime fires his lust on liquor sold by white men, or the sale of which is protected by white men, and laws enacted by white men. Every bottle of liquor thus sold is a dagger laid at the throat of every Southern girl and woman, and a gatling gun aimed at every Southern heart."

God speed the W. C. T. U., the Anti-Saloon League and every other organization that stands for the destruction of the "devil's best friend and God's and man's worst enemy" throughout the sore bestead South.

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dren, asleep in another room, were not reached by the negro."

While the proof sheets of this book were being read, the following crimes were committed:

Harriston, Miss., Sept. 28, 1913.—Two drug-crazed mulatto boys, brothers, began a reign of murder here this morning that ended only after three white men, four negro men and a negro woman had been shot to death, several wounded, and the two boys lynched. A serious clash between the races was prevented by the arrival, on a special train, of a company of National Guardsmen from Natchez.

Harriston, Miss., Sept. 29, 1913.—Two more victims of yesterday's race riot and lynching died to-night, bringing the total deaths to twelve.

The Black Shadow and the Red Death

After the massacre of the Smith family there was a wild outburst of savagery like the Atlanta and Springfield riots, a universal howl for black blood. The white race, the guardians of law and order, turned loose in an insenate fury against all negroes, and murdered at least ten innocent men, wounded and maimed as many more, and reduced the whole country to a reign of terror, when no negro dared go about his regular work, and where the negroes' families, in which murder had been done, were carrying their dead away secretly at night, so that the mourners would not be shot down.

The whole country was terrorized. All night shots rang out, near and distant, and from time to time rallying cries were heard a long way off. Two white men had been killed and three wounded by their comrades in the ardor of the chase and in the confusion of a nocturnal pursuit.

Both races were at a fearful pitch of excitement, and white and negro women alike, were urging on their men to murder. The negroes swore to burn Cobbtown. And the whites in turn swore "to make the nigger dialect the speech of hell." A race-war seemed imminent.

No isolated home was regarded as safe, even with the presence of men, without fierce watch-dogs, hounds of chase, and wakeful people on the premises, armed with rifles.

There was a run upon stocks of fire arms wherever sold, by both whites and blacks. The

dealers, however, declined to sell to negroes. "We'll git um some'r's else," they muttered. As usual, the negroes were led by firebrand mulattoes.

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One or two "Murillo's mulattoes" "the idolized valet, an Apollo in gold," may seem picturesque to some tastes, and romantic may seem the modern theory, that mixed blood is conducive to genius, as is witnessed by Dumas the Elder, Pushkin, the brilliant and degraded "Byron of Russia," Placido, the Cuban Catullus, and others, but to be in the midst of a whelming yellow flood, rolling its imperious waves against the bulwarks of our civilization, overflowing our public highways and public conveyances, threatening our homes, is the condition which philanthropists of our own race should investigate and realize, before they devote themselves to that sympathy for the yellow brother and sister, and criminally ignorant of, and careless about, the terrible dangers that threaten the women and children of their own race, and which they may be so largely instrumental in precipitating.

The rapidly increasing mulattoes cause more trouble everywhere than the pure-blooded blacks. And the reason is plain. For the bastard mulatto is the concrete evidence and result of a desperate sin. He is the combination of a black woman's ignorance and a white man's lust. No wonder then, that the mulatto is a firebrand. Take a child begotten of a loveless union, oftimes both

parents drunk, a creature of bestial passion and unbridled lust. "Could you expect anything but evil of a child so misbegotten? Add to this that the mulatto is the result of the commingling of the dirtiest blood of both races at the precise moment when both are at the utmost point of vileness that they can reach."

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Hun was captured after killing two men and wounding three, in a pitched battle, at ten o'clock Sunday morning, eight days after Mary had been found, and he was placed in the little calaboose at Cobbtown, guarded by Sheriff Jones and Deputy Bill Brown, who claimed the reward. But a savage crowd soon took the prisoner in charge. Anvils were fired and long-distance telephones were used to notify the country. The enterprising railroads ran special trains to the place, and five train loads of men and boys, crowded from cow-catchers to the tops of the coaches.

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At night-fall a mob of five thousand people comprising all classes of men, and women, and children, gathered in front of "River Billy's" late residence, for a great jubilee of revenge. Laughing, singing, gesticulating, dancing, yelling, many crazy with whiskey, they burned torches, discharged revolvers, and exploded fireworks.

You could not "hear your ears" in the hullabaloo. Some crawled like reptiles, arching their bodies, and progressing in a series of grotesque propulsions; others turned somersaults, essayed the feats of acrobats, and still others ran races, wrestled and fought. Two men were accidently shot. Bonfires blazed. It was like some infernal fete. The whole great multitude was in a maniacal condition.

Some proposed to cut out Hun's tongue, to flay him alive, to disembowel him, to tear him asunder, to run molten lead into his bowels, to crucify him, to immerse him in boiling rosin. But the majority favored the stake, the South's inexorable revenge for the massacre of her innocents by a race of ravishers.

Since Hun's capture in the morning, "the boys" had played with him like harpies, using their knives, boiling water, blue vitriol, hot irons, until he was streaked and gouted with red from head to foot. He bled in a hundred places.

The negro's cheeks were slit, his ears cut off, his nose broken, his right eye gouged out with red hot pinchers, several ribs that showed thro his lacerated sides, had been broken by kicks, red hot irons were thrust down his throat, and he had been indescribably mutilated. The negro was almost dead before the roasting began.

Hun at first sullenly denied his guilt, but later, cursing his captors, he confessed, not only to the crimes for which he was to suffer death, but to other heinous and unmentionable offences. (See

Thomas' "American Negro" and Watterson's "Crimes of Southern Negroes.") And he proudly boasted that he had always outwitted the officers of the law, and the general public. While the sheriff questioned him as he boasted of his crimes, he suddenly made a lewd gesture and vile grimace, and, puckering his lips, he spat a mouthful of bloody saliva right into the sheriff's face.

The mob, vociferating profanity, would have torn him limb from limb in a moment, but for the frenzied desire to see him burnt alive. The negro, now beside himself, vomited forth all the infamy of "a race prolific in the phrasings of infamy."

A railroad rail, and the crowbar with which Hun had annihilated the Smith family, were driven into an old Indian mound—an elevation about eighty feet in circumference and three feet high. His back was placed against the iron stakes, and half a dozen men wound chains about his body and limbs. People stood on tiptoe to see better; husbands lifted their wives up in their arms for full-length views of the burning ravisher. Scores of men and boys climbed into the surrounding tree-tops to get better positions.

Rev. Jim Smith, called "Bro Jimmy, the ole book-worm crank" (not related to "River Billy's family"), pastor of the Cobbtown Methodist Church, made a speech for law and order, earnestly urging the crowd to leave, and let the law take its course.

"Burn the nigger!" yelled a thousand voices

for a moment silencing the preacher, whom they threatened to lynch, too. Delay and speech-making made the mob more boisterous and determined than ever.

Governor Hogg, of Texas, once said:

"Expert authority has published to the world that America is the most criminal of all the civilized nations of the earth; that the South is the most criminal section of criminal America; that Texas is the most criminal State at the South, all largely because of the presence of the criminal negro whose crimes make legions of criminal white men. I am not going to repeat to you this bloody record of sin; you know it quite as well as I. You will pardon me for saying in this high presence, that personally and officially I have done all I knew to do to change this appalling record of our shame.

"If the newspapers are to be credited, every negro lynched or burned in Texas makes from one hundred to one thousand murderous white men. The crowds doing these savage deeds have been estimated from one hundred to two thousand and five thousand strong. If during the last half century we have averaged twenty lynchings annually, and the average crowd doing the savage work should be estimated at two hundred, we have the appalling condition of one hundred thousand murderous white men loose in Texas, not one of whom has ever been brought to trial and punished for the crime of murder. This statement may furnish one further means for de-

termining the criminal population of our criminal State, as between negroes and white men as to numbers."

It was rumored that the Governor had called out troops and that they were hurrying hither on fast trains from Tampa, Tallahassee, and Jacksonville. But nothing on earth could have saved Hun; a company of United States soldiers would have been powerless.

Spirits of turpentine was applied to the fat pine wood, with pine-straw, and, after a brief pause, Mary's brother, "Little River Billy," the sole survivor of "River Billy's" household, touched it off with a match.

For a moment but a slight flickering flame arose. Then the oil blazed, and slender streams of opalescent smoke curled up, sparks flew into the air, and the wood began to crackle. Almost instantly the negro's trousers caught fire. Even though the flesh must have been scorched, he did not flinch, nor utter a sound. Several ladies fainted and little children began to cry.

Hun's limbs had been well notched and sliced for the fire to penetrate the better, and where the flames touched the cuts and wounds, the skin instantly swelled into blisters. Hun turned his head, and a frightful expression changed his face.

The agonized wretch now rolled his one eye to get a glimpse of the multitude which surrounded him, and the lids clenched themselves as in a spasm. The tense muscles of his lips exposed

his long, white, sharp, ferocious, teeth, which clicked and rattled like castinets. At last, he broke down and begged to be shot.

With a sudden convulsive tugging, he stretched his head as far as possible from the rapidly rising flames, and uttered a deep death cry, like the roar of a dying bull.

"Oh, mar God, men, I'ze got somethin' else ter tell yer. Oh, mar God men, please lemme have er minute ter pray!"

In terrible cries these words came from him with a desperate tugging at the chains and awful groans. The mob hooted and hissed and cheered every cry and groan and contortion.

The crowd had to give back for the increasing heat of the fire. Scream after scream, that could be heard for miles, now burst from the negro's bleeding lips, as he frantically struggled at his chains.

With an apoplectic face, and his one eye ready to burst out of his head, the rapist, in a hurricane of flying sparks, frothed and writhed in his dance of death, like some tortured monster of the jungle. His moans, shrieks and yells, like those of a soul in purgatory, such as it would be madness to attempt describing, were music to the mob. Sky rockets streamed up ceaselessly bursting in "strange roses of fierce bloom." The pine trees took on hideous shapes in the flaring light. Far and wide there was a lurid glare in the sky.

Hun gnashed his teeth together until he ground them from the gums and spat them out

on the sands. He chewed his split tongue and his lips until they were a pulp of blood.

"Little River Billy" now administered a christening with a pail of spirits of turpentine, and a livid pillar of flame, hissing and roaring, leaped high above Hun's head. With paroxymal power the giant negro, with the shoulders of Jack Johnson, and the loins of a Hercules, broke loose from the stake, springing out of the crimson reek, and a succession of long, loud, continuous screams—utterly inhuman, unlike those from the throat of any wild beast, sounds which might have come from a fiend, seven times damned—burst from his lacerated lips. Every kink of hair had been singed from his head. He was more weird than a spectre, more awful than a phantom, more terrible than a devil.

A naked, mutilated human being, blind, deaf, and half burnt to death, dashing about among the people, with his flesh sizzling and frying!

Several abandoned women feigned fainting. An epileptic boy fell in a fit. Thousands cheered vociferously. "A scarlet moon in a green sky," just above the pallid storm-wrecked hilltops, seemed to have arisen to contemplate the gorgeous horror of this Neronian orgy. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished behind a colossal cloud wrack.

"Bro" Smith would not be howled down, and his voice now rose to an extraordinary pitch. Nobody listened, some threatened the preacher more fiercely than ever. The next day he received by

special delivery a small piece of dark flesh said to be a part of Hun's heart.

The multitude, in a panic, howled like wolves, and flew like vultures. In a few minutes Hun was chained to the stake more securely than ever. The mob now tended the fire with rapid hands. They worked with swift, fierce, antic intensity, rushing here and there. Clouds of billowy black smoke flew up. The negro's convulsions ceased—the death-rattle took place of his wheezy screeches—after a thousand deaths, he ceased to breathe. As his head fell forward, "Little River Billy," ghastly with excitement, stepped forward, and with shrill fervor, prayed God—at least his apostrophe was addressed to Deity—to continue the blessed work forever, in the reddest place in hell. Hilarious amens burst from five thousand throats.

Grease spluttered on the coals, the sight of quivering, sizzling human flesh, and the deadly scent of scorching human flesh, filled the air, causing a nausea, for which the world has no name. Members of the mob now began to bellow for pieces of Hun's charred body, which they invested with the glamour of trophies.

An eager, insane crowd sprang upon the calcined trunk, drew it from the fire, and cut out the vital organs. The heart was slashed into tiny bits with jack-knives. Hun's toes and fingers were chopped off. Knee-caps and barbecued ribs even were snatched up. With heavy sticks Hun's head was knocked to pieces, and teeth, and parts

of his skull, were gathered and treasured. His entrails—which attracted dogs and buzzards early the next morning—were drawn out on a pitchfork and held aloft to the gaze of the mob now at the pitch of tip-toed jubilation. It was super-savagery—a revelation of inconceivable depravity. The crimes that the negro committed were inexpiable, but the revenge was almost equally infernal. And yet—God help us—while the ignorant, degraded, criminal negro can get whiskey and cocaine from every huckster, "this fiery terror of the ravisher seems to be the chief defence of the helpless womanhood of the South."

A barrel of rosin placed beside what was left of Hun made an electrical splendor, which the eye could not endure. In fury, height, and transiency, the flames resembled lightning. Sometimes a score of white sheets of fire would aspire and vanish at the same time. Incandescent rainbows and auroras played in the blaze. The holocaust was like a great funeral pyre, resembling the altar of a black pagan idol.

A monster "hell-gun" of giant powder, spirits of turpentine, and dynamite, had been set in the river swamp half a mile away. Suddenly it went off with a detonation like the crack of doom. The entire country shook as with an earthquake, and the powder and oil made a Vesuvian tornado of flame, that leaped up electrically, and seemed to reach the empurpled sky.

Horses tied to trees and attached to vehicles reared and plunged, and in some cases broke

away, dashing through the crowd. Many people were injured. The negroes, now at last thoroughly cowed and terror-stricken, hiding in gopher-holes, caves, and clay-roots throughout the county, thought the day of judgment had come, and set up a prolonged howl of terror. The pine barrens lit up by the glow, shone like a mantle of dazzling emerald, tinted with red gold. The whole forest was scattered with coals, sparks, and brands from the explosion. Some stuck and flared in the pine tops. But for the recent rains there would have been a great forest fire, devastating the country.

The smoke continued to rise from the stake in lofty, whirling masses, and so thick and heavy that it hung bellying over the pine wood for half a mile, in the windless quiet of the haunted night. The red death was over.

But the tremendous racial tragedy, of which it was only an incident, was not over. After the troops called out by the Governor had arrived the next day, and the semblance of order had been restored, the mad devil of revenge would still lurk in ten thousand breasts, white and black alike, waiting for an opportunity to wreak its hate, in the hell-fire of racial antagonism. And the despoiling of the white woman is the criminal negro's chosen vengeance.

* * * * * * *

The Civil War, "the nigger agony in the United States," Carlyle called it, cost us, North and South, $12,000,000,000 and a million heroic lives.

And this also, was but an incident in the world's greatest racial epic.

* * * * * * *

As the crowd dispersed "Bro" Smith was still speaking: "There is no doubt in my mind," he went on, "that in the race question the South is facing a terrible problem. Bishop Haygood, in his "Our Brother the Black," the best book ever written on the race problem, says that there is one, and one thing alone, capable of solving the race problem: that is the religion of Jesus Christ, an experience of the power of God to save from sin. We must save, and educate the colored people of the South. Why, if the Christian religion can't save the negro in America, neither can it save the negro in Africa, and if it cannot save the colored man wherever he may be located, why, then, my brethren, it cannot save the white man. Why, there is no religion that is worth the having that cannot save any, and every, man, anywhere, from the uttermost to the uttermost! We must treat the negro charitably, and as a superior race, as we commonly suppose ourselves to be, should treat an inferior. The mob spirit which has broken out here makes some of us feel a doubt as to the great superiority of our race. Let us stand for the salvation of these black people through the right kind of industrial and Christian education, and in this way prove ourselves the superior race. We must save these people or they will degrade and damn us!"

"Oh, brethren," cried the man of God, rising

into apostolic fervor, with the light of the better country on his earnest, honest face, "it will take 'power from on high' to solve the race problem and all our problems." Dr. Hillis says, "The revival under Whitfield and Wesley saved England from the horrors of another French revolution. Why, the very men who would have made demoniac mob leaders, John Wesley made class leaders. The very men who would have fought behind English barricades, even more ferociously than the French fought behind their barricades, John Wesley made soldiers of the Cross. While France was dripping with blood, and singing its fearful *Marseillaise* of rape, and vengeance, by the light of burning cities, the soldiers of the great evangelical revival were going up and down England, singing the Marseillaise of the Kingdom of God:

Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell or earth or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly."

"Oh, men, look what Jesus Christ has done for our own race. Two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar wrote about the savage brutes he found in Britain. Why they had ten and twelve wives in common. They were still degraded wretches when Augustine 'crossed the English channel with the story of the love of God' four hundred years later.

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"Does not Jerome speak of an evening in a tent with seven Scotchmen, and two of them had brought in a plump, pretty boy, and does not Jerome say he never could endure the odor of roasting human flesh? My God, just think of the pit from which our race was digged! Suppose the great Roman could have looked down the ages, and could have seen the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God reach these white cannibals and transform them into Miltons and Shakespeares, Cromwells and Lincolns, Wesleys and Washingtons.

The black savages Livingstone and Stanley found in Africa fifty years ago were not much worse than the white savages Julius Cæsar found in Britain two thousand years ago. Now give the negro two thousand years of Christian civilization and see what will be the glorious result.

"I know of a land that is sunk in shame,
Of hearts that faint and tire—
And I know a Name, a Name, a Name,
That can set that land on fire.
I know of a Name, a Name, a Name,
That will set that land on fire.

"Already much is being done in Central Africa. From Sierre Leone on the west coast, where stands a chapel built with the planks of a wrecked slaver, all through Darkest Africa to where Madagascar stands like an angel of God at the portals of the East, sounding the trumpet call

of an opening day, the Kingdom of God is marching on.

"To-night the shores of those great inland seas that feed the mighty Nile on whose waters the infant Moses floated and on whose banks the children of Israel toiled in slavery, re-echo the glad news of Him who came to proclaim delivery to the captive, and give men power to become the sons of God.

"And here at home much more, thank God, is being done. Here in the United States, to-night, there are at least a million people of negro blood, well educated, owners of homes, against the honor of whose womanhood not a breath was ever raised, and whose men occupy positions of trust and usefulness.

"The great majority of our colored people are peaceable enough, but there is a small element capable of any crime when crazed by drink or cocaine.

"The good people, the God-fearing, of both races dwell together in unity. It is the drink and drug-crazed devils, white and black, who shock the world with their crimes."

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